

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
October 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





THE women of Pont l'Abbé on the southern coast of Brittany wear handsomely embroidered linen caps, higher and stranger than those of any other part of France. The story goes that a splendid and extravagant king once laid a heavy salt tax on the district. The people refused to pay. So the king ordered the spire of their church taken down stone by stone. This was a sore humiliation to the people of Pont l'Abbé, whose church tower was a landmark in that flat country. To show their rage, the women changed the fashion of their beaddresses, and as the tower came down their caps went up until they carried their heads higher than any other women of France. And so they do to this day



Samuel Shattuck

—His Hat and His Head

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations by Harry Burne

IN SALEM town, in the days of Governor Endicott, there was no room anywhere for Quakers, not even in a Puritan church. And a Quaker who dared get up and venture a few ideas of his own, after the minister had finished his long sermon, was a fearless man. They tell us that the Puritans allowed those who believed as they did to speak in meeting. This was a common custom. But no Quaker was welcome to so much as standing room on the steps outside.

Nevertheless one Sunday morning in September, 1657, at the close of a Puritan service, a Quaker, whose name was Christopher Holder, tried to say something on the subject of the sermon.

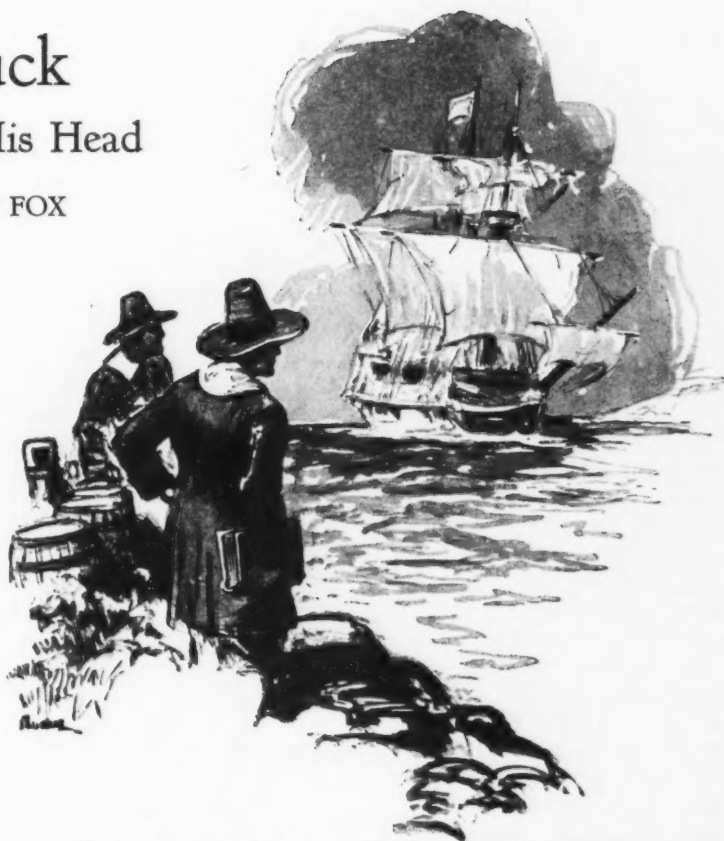
A year before that, a law had been passed which said that Quakers must keep out of the Massachusetts Colony. They were warned that if they so much as entered Governor Endicott's land they would be punished and put in prison.

It may be that Christopher Holder began his speech with "thee" or "thou," which would instantly have marked him as a Quaker. Anyway, before he had time to get started, up jumped an angry Puritan and stuffed his glove and handkerchief into the stranger's mouth. He must have knocked off the Quaker's hat as well, because we are told that Mr. Holder was seized by the hair.

Then up jumped brave Samuel Shattuck and saved the Quaker from the chance of being choked to death. At that time Samuel Shattuck was in good standing in his home town, but even so, he was arrested that very hour, charged with being a friend of the Quakers.

The Quaker who had tried to speak, and another with him, were sent up to Boston, where they were first cruelly beaten and afterwards kept in prison for nine weeks.

As for Samuel Shattuck, who would not sit still and see any man choked to death in church,



The Quaker ship reached Boston harbor on a Sunday morning

he became so interested in the Quakers and their beliefs that he became a Friend himself. For this reason, two years later, he was an exile on his way to England. Governor Endicott had told him to leave his home in Salem, never to return. Mr. Shattuck had of course read these lines in the latest Massachusetts law against Quakers: "And the said person being convicted to be of the sect of the Quakers, shall be sentenced to banishment, upon pain of death."

As we know, there were Quakers thus banished from the Massachusetts Colony who nevertheless returned to test the Governor's law. They quickly lost their lives at public doings on Boston Common.

There were soon many Quaker exiles in England, and several of them had left their ears in Massachusetts. Christopher Holder, who had tried to speak in the Salem meeting, was one of the number who had had his ears cut off.

In the year 1661, King Charles II read a book written by a gentleman of Bristol, England. The title of the book was "New England Judged." It was packed full of horrors which had befallen the persecuted Quakers. They tell us that the King read the book quietly enough until he came to a

page which told of a Quaker who wished to appeal to the laws of England for justice. The answer reported in Mr. Bishop's book was: "This year you will go and complain to Parliament, and the next year they will send out to see how it is, and the third year the government will be changed." This meant that the Quakers need look for no help from England.

King Charles II had not been so many years on the throne but that he remembered how loyal to him the Massachusetts Colony had pretended to be when he first became their sovereign. So, when he read what was written in "New England Judged," he said to his courtiers, "Lo, these are my good subjects of New England, but I will put a stop to them."

He read with deep interest a petition signed by all the Quaker exiles from New England. In the petition were nineteen separate accusations describing cruelties and horrors inflicted upon the Quakers through the management of Governor Endicott.

At last the King allowed an English Friend, Edward Burrough, to come and talk with him face to face about the persecution of the Quakers in New England. Charles II again promised to stop it. Edward Burrough, who was a friend of Samuel Shattuck, and had heard of the dreadful things going on in Massachusetts, begged him to be quick, because, said he, "We know not how many may soon be put to death."

The King sent that minute for his secretary to come and prepare a mandamus. When the paper was written and signed, Edward Burrough begged that it might be sent immediately to Boston. Answered King Charles, "But I have no occasion at present to send a ship thither."

Then he had a bright idea. He told Edward Burrough that he was at liberty to send a ship

if he wished, and if the Quakers could find one, that Burrough might choose the messenger to present the mandamus to Governor Endicott.

That was Samuel Shattuck's happy day! Mr. Burrough hastened to him with the good news. "Will thee be the royal messenger to present the mandamus to Governor Endicott?" said he, or words to that effect.

Doubtless Samuel Shattuck was homesick for Salem and his family. Let us hope he smiled when he remembered that Governor Endicott had said to him, "If you dare to come back to this Colony you shall be hanged on Boston Common."

Ten days later Samuel Shattuck sailed away to Boston on board the Quaker ship, with the King's message in his care. It was addressed to Governor Endicott, and in it was written the King's command: No more Quakers should be put to death in New England. The persecution must stop.

The Quaker ship reached Boston Harbor on a Sunday morning, at the end of a six-weeks' voyage. She was welcomed by men of Boston, who went on board asking for mail.

"Nay," answered the captain, "thee cannot have thy letters until

tomorrow, for this is First Day."

The news spread through the city like wild-fire that a ship full of Quakers had come to town, and that numbered with the passengers were some who had been warned never to return.

Next day Governor Endicott had a Quaker surprise party. The Quakers landed and went straight to his house through streets ominously still. They said that they had a message for the governor and must speak with him. They were admitted. In walked the Quakers, wearing their hats.

Samuel Shattuck stepped forward to deliver

(Continued on page 36)



There were soon many Quaker exiles in England

What Austrian Children Are Like

WILHELM VIOLA

NATURALLY the first thing you want to know about your Austrian friends is what kind of a country they live in. The greater part of Austria stands on end; its mighty mountains, towering up into the sky, often seem to wear on their heads, drawn well about their ears, great white caps—the glaciers. In the valleys below lie snug villages and neat hamlets. But not all the houses are in the valleys; some stand alone on the sunny slopes, and it often takes a whole hour for the people living in them to reach the nearest house or village.

Austrian children with homes in places like this have great fun going to school. In winter time they come flying down the mountain slopes on their toboggans, quick as the wind, and run laughing into the classroom, their cheeks bright red from the cold air. At noon in cold weather, they have a hot lunch at school, though this is often no more than a bowl of soup.

Austrian children are deeply devoted to their country. Their mothers and grandmothers know dozens and dozens of songs and fairy tales and legends which they tell their children on long winter evenings. Sometimes the story will be about how, more than a thousand years ago, the great Charlemagne founded the March of the East, which he called Ostarichi, or Oesterreich, the Realm of the East, and so in Latin "Austria." The storytellers will explain how he did this to protect his empire against the inroads of the people coming from the east, and will tell how the peasant folk from Southern Germany came



The greater part of Austria stands on end, its mighty mountains towering into the sky



In the valleys below lie snug villages

to this Eastern Realm. After many a day of hard toil, they cleared the forests, founded settlements, built castles on steep rocks to protect their land and opened up the treasures that were slumbering in the earth. The descendants of these people are now miners, digging for iron and salt; herdsmen watching over their cattle on the mountainsides; woodcutters swinging their axes in the forests; huntsmen stalking the deer, or fishermen spending long hours beside the lakes. The miners' children hear stories of the dwarfs and goblins who watch over hidden treasures in the heart of the mountains. The huntsmen tell about the Mountain Spirit who protects the timid chamois; and the woodcutters' children know all about the tree sprites and flower elves who dance in a ring on moonlit nights and who protect good children and punish naughty ones! Then, too, children of Austria hear splendid tales of the knights of olden times; of the exploits of the Crusaders who rode through Austria, and all the stirring history of the Middle Ages, when many bitter battles were fought on Austrian soil. Austrian children know, too, many old songs which the people have sung for hundreds and hundreds of years and which they still love to sing.

One of the favorite games in Austria is "The Leopoldi Game." In this game, without know-



On Midsummer's Night, the children collect wood and make bonfires on the mountaintops

ing it, Austrian children have preserved a custom which dates back six hundred years. In that far-off time, the margraves, or noblemen, of the Eastern March, who were nearly all named Leopold, used to offer a place of shelter to men fleeing from pursuers. On the outer wall of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, you can still see an iron ring which pursued culprits had only to touch in order not to be taken prisoner. So now, when Austrian children play tag, they fix a certain spot where no one can be caught, and they call that spot "Leopold."

Besides playing ordinary games, good for all times of the year, Austrian children often celebrate special seasons in special ways. Christmas is with them a very great feast, as it is in many countries. Then, too, in the Tyrol, boys go from house to house on Twelfth Night, January 6, as "Starsingers." Three of them, who represent the Three Wise Men of the East, carry a pole with a star on it. They all sing carols and recite verses and the villagers give them cakes and sweets. In some parts of Austria the children still go from house to house in the early Spring acting a little play called "The Summer and Winter Play." One child represents Summer and another Winter, and they dispute gaily in verse after verse until at last Winter is defeated and has to go away.

One of the old customs which has been preserved in the valleys

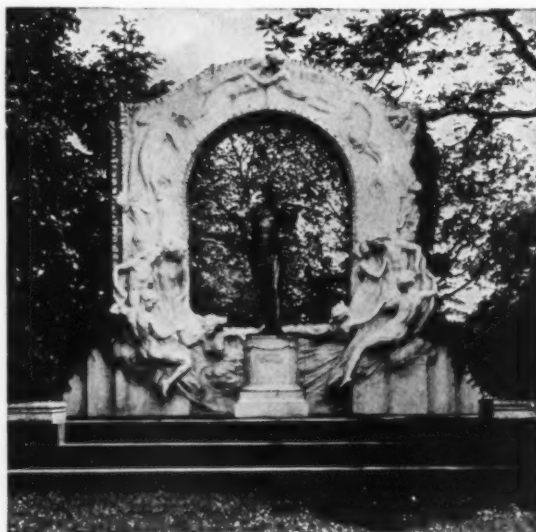
of the Alps falls later in the year. It dates from pagan times. On Midsummer's Night, the children collect wood and branches and make bonfires on the mountaintops. Then, when the fire is almost burnt down, boys and girls jump through it, repeating old sayings.

In the summer holidays the peasant children look after the cattle on the mountains; others pick berries in the woods or gather mushrooms in the fields or make up fagots of wood for the winter. Sometimes they go to work in the fields. In parts of Austria where the soil is poor the children help their parents earn a living by carving wooden toys and other articles.

So far, we have been talking only of children in the country. Now you shall hear something about the children of Vienna. Two million people, or nearly a third of all the inhabitants of Austria, live in Vienna on the Danube, that river which links up the countries of Central Europe with those of Eastern Europe. The fathers of Viennese children work mostly in factories, banks and business houses. Although these children have no fields to play in, they have many good playgrounds and swimming baths, and they have the Prater, a big natural park. In the Prater there is a giant wheel, built fifty years ago during the World Exhibition in Vienna, merry-go-rounds and Punch and Judy shows and all sorts of booths.

Vienna is an old and historic city, and sometimes their teachers take the children through the streets and tell them stories of the city's past—how, long ago, there was a fishing vil-

lage on this spot. Then later, the Romans built a fort to protect themselves against the savage tribes, and some say that the name Vienna comes from the Roman name of this fort, Vindobona. One of the greatest treats for Viennese children is an excursion to the Wienerwald, just outside Vienna. It is the last outcropping of the Alps and reaches down to the Danube. Its slopes are covered with beautiful woods and from the heights you have a wonderful view over the city and the country around.



The beautiful statue of Johann Strauss in the Vienna city park is full of the rhythm of his waltzes



The coolie thrust his face close to Plum Blossom's. "Give me that money," he threatened

Lost—One Plum Blossom!

ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS

PART II

ONCE in the street, however, Plum Blossom was at a loss what to do. She had made no plans except to escape from the gray stone walls of the school grounds. It was not customary for a Chinese girl of any age to go on the public street unless properly chaperoned by a member of her family, or, at least, attended by a trusted servant. But Plum Blossom feared the strangeness and loneliness of the school more than any unknown terrors of the street. And some one from the school might find her at any moment. She must hurry. In her jacket lay the square of muslin with the silver coins which her mother had given her. Fingering these, she ran to the corner of the street and called a rickshaw.

At first the runner paid no attention to her, then, wondering what a small girl might want of him, he walked slowly forward. Plum Blossom directed him to Hsia Kwan, Nanking's waterfront. She knew now that she wanted to catch the boat to Wuhu. Once there she would look for some boatman to take her home. The rickshaw coolie laughed. The idea of covering the five miles to Hsia Kwan at this girl's command

amused him. "Why not go to Peking?" he suggested impertinently.

Plum Blossom was small and young, but she knew that one did not permit coolies to talk in this fashion. "I wish to go to Hsia Kwan at once," she said with dignity. "If you will not take me, another will."

The coolie looked surprised. "Have you money to pay?" he asked.

Plum Blossom nodded her head, and he lowered the shafts of the rickshaw. This might prove profitable after all. They started off at a swift pace, and Plum Blossom, as they left the walls of the school ever farther behind, began to breathe more freely.

But there was no peace in the school. In the first class the new student had been missed. Some one was sent to the dormitory to find her. Unsuccessful, the messenger returned to the office, and then the general search began. The gate-man was not there to be questioned. Early that morning he had gone off on an important errand to Hsia Kwan. His old wife insisted she had seen no small student come her way. Principal, teachers and servants sought out one place after the other as the possible refuge of one little home-

sick girl. Even the pond in front of the school had been looked into, and all were at their wits' ends when Bao Djen knocked on the office door. Once within, she bowed, then said: "Excuse me, Honorable Principal, but I think she may have gone to Hsia Kwan. She wished, above all things, to go to her mother, and she asked me, only last night, the name of the place where she and her father had left the Wuhu launch to come here."

The principal thanked Bao Djen. "Go now and tell Lao Ling to come here immediately," she commanded.

The servant appeared. "Call a carriage. You and Miss Li are to start for Hsia Kwan at once. It may be the student has gone there. Hurry!" And the principal was left again to her worried thoughts. So many things might happen to a little girl lost on Nan-king's highways!

Down the Great Horse Road, between long lines of ancient, gnarled willows, rode the object of their search. The responsibility of what she had done rested heavily on the twelve-year-old shoulders, but she brushed it aside with the thought that she was on her way home to Mother and the babies. Her coolie ran along at a steady pace, and pondered how he would turn this opportunity to his own advantage. Finally, dripping with perspiration and short of breath, he reached the Hsia Kwan waterfront. Looking about for a quiet spot, he selected the corner of an alleyway and lowered the rickshaw shafts.

Plum Blossom recognized the scene. She rose to step down to the pavement, but the coolie barred the way. "Give me your money!" he demanded.

"How much do I owe you?" asked his passenger timidly.

"All that you have," was the reply.

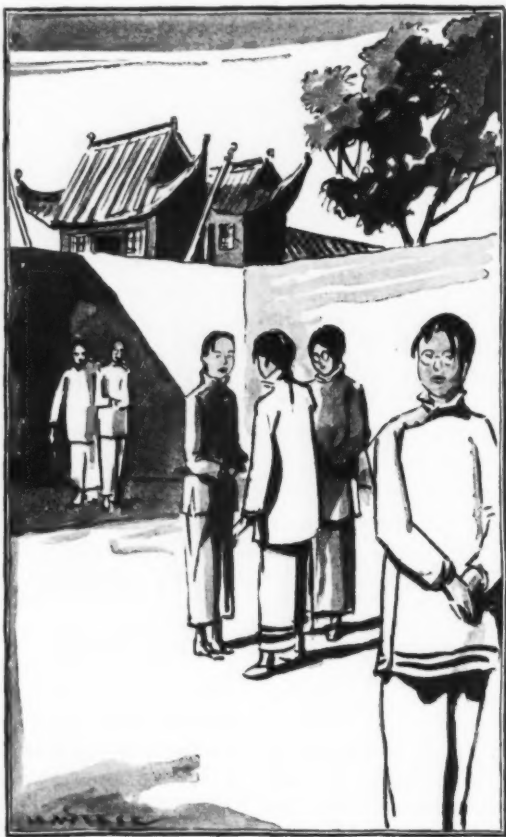
"But I must keep some for the boat," argued

Plum Blossom. "How much is it the custom to pay for this ride?"

The coolie thrust his face close to hers. "Custom has nothing to do with this. You give me all of the money you have in that cloth, or I'll make you!"

Plum Blossom shrank back in fear. Clutching her small store of coins with both hands, she stood like some small wild animal at bay. Several rough-looking wharf coolies sauntered up. They grinned. It was a common sight to have passengers and coolies quarrel over fares, but not often was there the chance to watch a girl match her wits with those of a runner. They beckoned to others of their gang who lounged about.

Pressing about the rickshaw, they added to Plum Blossom's terror and the coolie's annoyance. He did not want an audience for this affair. He reached out a strong-muscled arm and caught at the square of muslin. Plum Blossom screamed and held on tight. But the runner would soon have had his way if his attention had



Outside on the campus everyone seemed to be talking about her

not been diverted by a well-dressed man who joined the coolies. This might be some one to protect the girl, he thought.

"Who is she?" the stranger asked.

"I do not know," was the sullen reply.

"Is she alone?"

"Yes. Why do you wish to know?"

The stranger dropped his voice to a whisper. "It may be I can make this profitable to you. I know a rich merchant whose daughter wishes a small slave girl. This one might do. They are hard to buy these days. You run up the road to the first bridge and wait for me there. I will follow directly."

The coolie listened attentively to these directions, then, picking up the shafts, forced his way through the increasing crowd, and sped up the road.

Plum Blossom tried to call out for help, but her throat was so dry from fright that the sounds would not come. If only she had followed her parents' counsel to be good, this would not have happened. She would never see them again. How she longed for the sheltering safety of the gray stone walls from which she had so recently escaped. In the distance she could see a farmhouse. Perhaps, if she were to jump from the moving rickshaw and run in that direction, she might find some woman to save her. She looked about as she made this decision. Just behind came another rickshaw. In it reclined a tall, elderly figure, his eyes half closed. Something about him was familiar. Plum Blossom stared at him, then shrieked: "Kan men dih! (Gateman!) Kan men dih, save me!"

Lao Han opened his eyes. Was he dreaming, or had some one really called to him? Ahead a girl waved wildly from a rickshaw whose speed was rapidly increasing. Again she called. This time the sound was fainter, but there was no mistaking the words. He ordered his runner to overtake the other. Lao Han's coolie, rested by a long wait in Hsia Kwan while the gateman attended to the school errands, had no difficulty in catching up. As they neared the first, the gateman recognized the new student. What was she doing on the public highway, alone? He reached out and caught at the shafts of her rickshaw. "Stop!" he ordered her runner. Then he turned to Plum Blossom: "What is the matter?"

The new student lifted a tear-stained face to him: "Kan men dih, please take me back to the school," she begged.

Her coolie glanced nervously down the road. The prospective buyer of a slave girl was not yet in sight, and the runner breathed more freely. It would not be safe for him if this gateman learned of the plan for this student from the foreign school. "Give me my fare," he muttered.

"Slowly, slowly," was the gateman's reply. "I wish to know something of this affair, first. What were you doing to frighten this student?"

Before the coolie was forced to answer this, they were interrupted. Racing toward them in a cloud of dust was a carriage whose driver lashed constantly at the Mongolian pony which pulled it. The occupants glanced at the two rickshaws drawn to the side of the road, gave a command, and pony and carriage slid to an abrupt halt. Attention was diverted for the moment to these new arrivals, and the coolie seized the opportunity to pick up his rickshaw and flee down the road.

Lao Ling stepped from the carriage and addressed the gateman: "Where did you find this student?" he asked.

"Right here; she was having trouble with that runner, now disappearing down the road. What is she doing here?"

"She ran away from school, and we were ordered to find her."

They helped Plum Blossom into the carriage beside Miss Li. The teacher smiled kindly and asked no questions, and the small, shaking figure leaned against the cushions, and slowly quieted.

With swollen face and dishevelled hair and garments, the runaway presented a sorry picture when they entered the school gate. Word soon spread about the campus that the lost student was found, and the girls who were not busy in classes waited for Plum Blossom to come from the principal's office.

Within those sacred precincts the new student, much to her amazement, found herself within the arms of the strange foreign woman. One hand patted her head, much as her own mother might have done, and a kindly voice told her how glad they were to have her safely back with them. Under this soothing influence, Plum Blossom found it easy to sob out the story of her homesickness and all that had followed. By the time she had finished, her heart was lighter than it had been in many days.

The principal turned to her desk and tapped a bell. "Send Wei Bao Djen to me," she ordered. When Bao Djen came she was told that she and the new student were to be excused from all classes for the rest of the afternoon. "See to it that Plum Blossom bathes and rests until the evening food," finished the principal as she dismissed them.

Outside on the campus, a group of admiring students gathered about them. "Tell us, Plum Blossom, how did you get out without some one's seeing you? How far did you go? What made you do it? Were you not afraid?"

Bao Djen waved them aside. "She is tired and must rest now. Some other time she will talk with you about it." And they walked on to the dormitory. There others met them with the same questions. As Bao Djen silenced these, Plum Blossom began to realize her own sudden importance. This was pleasant; she was no longer a strange member of the student body; everyone seemed to be talking about her. She heard several girls remark about her courage.

A half hour later, she lay on her bed, while Precious Jewel sat beside her, book in hand. The brown eyes smiled into hers: "Do you still wish to go home, Small Scared One?"

Plum Blossom's eyes were heavy with weariness, but she managed a smile. "I think, perhaps, I shall stay here and do books."



Kim Subang pulled lustily, chanting as he did so, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump"

Ump Chiggy

A Folk Tale of Old Korea

RETOLD BY EULAH BELLE ORR

Illustrations by Bernice Oehler

KIM SUBANG was afraid—not so much for himself as for his ox. It was evening in early winter, and as it grew dark outside his little hut, which stood on the mountainside at some distance from the village in the valley, he became more and more worried. At this season tigers often came down from their mountain homes in search of food. Only that day Kim Subang had caught a glimpse of one on the hill above him.

Finally he decided to bring his ox, which was very dear to him, inside the hut for the night. When he had done so and the creature lay contentedly chewing its cud, he felt better; so much so that he sat down on the warm floor with a sigh of relief, took out his long pipe and prepared for a peaceful smoke.

He had not taken many puffs, however, when he heard a peculiar noise outside. Pipe in hand, he listened breathlessly. It was—he was sure it was—the stealthy footstep of a tiger. Quickly he went to the window, and, sliding the paper-covered frame aside, peered out. At first he saw

nothing, and had almost decided to go back to his deserted pipe when again he heard a stir of leaves, a stealthy footfall, and, watching closely, soon saw two glowing eyes. His enemy the tiger was outside, prowling about the hut.

Kim Subang's heart beat faster as he stood gazing at those fiery eyes. But when he finally looked away, he soon became calm again, for his hut, though small, was built of stones held together by mud which served as cement. It was a strong little building, except for the door, a flimsy wooden structure with a hole in the bottom. Again he turned to watch the beast, now pacing restlessly back and forth in front of the door. If only he had something strong to use in blockading that door. He thought of a big chest in one corner of the room and hurried over to get it. With his eyes fearfully watching the door, he started to drag the chest across the room.

Suddenly he stopped, his mouth dropped open, and his eyes grew big with wonder, for through the hole at the bottom of the door the tail of the tiger slid slowly into the room. Without

a minute's delay, Kim Subang sprang towards the door, seized the tail with both hands and held on with all his might.

The tiger, who had sat down in front of the door, began to pull to free his tail. But the harder he struggled, the tighter Kim Subang held on. As long as he had the tail, he was safe, for the beast could not hurt him or his ox. So thinking, he pulled lustily, chanting as he did so, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," for Koreans often keep time to their work with a rhythmic chant. And the tail see-sawed back and forth like a rope in a tug of war. Every time the tiger jerked, Kim Subang was ready, and to the chant, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," he pulled and pulled until the tail stopped its lashing.

After a time, seeing that he had nothing to fear so long as he held the tail, Kim Subang began to feel quite satisfied with himself as a clever fellow. As for the tiger, he grew accustomed to decided pulls on his tail whenever he heard "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump." And never, regardless of whether he gave several quick jerks together or waited some time between them, could he catch his enemy off guard. Always came the "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," with steady pulls that brought his tail back in a hurry.

It wasn't long before Kim Subang became weary and began to cast longing glances at his pipe. If only he could smoke, it wouldn't be so bad to spend the night guarding the tiger's tail, but without his pipe the time seemed endless



The tiger on the mountain peak pricked up his ears to listen

The more he thought about it all, the more he wanted the comfort of his pipe. Finally he could resist no longer; he loosed his hold of the tail, hastily picked up his pipe and started to fill the bowl with tobacco.

Before he finished this, he saw the tail begin to slide out of the hole. He jumped for it, chanting "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," but before he could reach it, the tail slid slowly back through the hole towards him. He was very happy at this discovery, for it meant he had conquered the tiger. In a few minutes the tail again began to slide away. Without



The magistrate and his servants were astonished at what they saw

touching it, Kim Subang chanted "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," and again the tail slid back.

Kim Subang was now satisfied, for he could sit comfortably on the warm floor peacefully smoking his pipe and still keep the tiger's tail where he wanted it simply by calling out "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump," when it began to move. The tiger was beaten by the "ump chiggy" chant—beaten because he thought he was.

When morning came, Kim Subang decided to get rid of his unwanted guest. So when the tail moved again, as it still did occasionally, he said nothing and allowed it to slide on out through the hole. Puzzled at finding himself suddenly free, the tiger slunk off, climbed a neighboring mountain peak, and sat down to think the matter over.

Kim Subang, who became more and more pleased with himself every time he thought of the events of the night, seated himself by the roadside to smoke and meditate. After a time his thoughts were interrupted by distant shouts. Looking in the direction from which they came, he saw a gay procession approaching. He knew that such a covered chair, draped with pieces of brilliant red, blue and yellow silks must hold a magistrate from Seoul, the capital city of Korea, a place every Korean dreamed of going some day. The chair was carried by four runners. Before and behind it were more runners, calling out the merits of their master and demanding that everyone make way for him.

Now Kim Subang knew very well that he was expected to get up and bow to this illustrious person, but not an inch did he budge. Instead, he continued to sit peacefully smoking. The runners called out to him in anger, but he paid no attention. Finally the procession halted and two of the men approached him, demanding that he pay his respects to their master. He refused, telling them that he himself was a great man,

so great, in fact, that it was their master who should bow to him. When this was reported to the magistrate, he demanded proof of Kim Subang's greatness.

Kim Subang declared he was willing to give this, and pointing to the tiger who sat on a nearby mountain peak, said:

"You see that tiger? I can make him do whatever I say. Why, I can even make him back down the mountainside, cross that stream, go over to that hut, sit down in front of it and put his tail through a hole in the door."

The magistrate was much impressed by these claims and declared that if they were true, he would reward Kim Subang generously. However, if Kim Subang could not do what he promised, he should be killed.

At once Kim Subang began to chant, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump." The tiger on the mountain peak, hearing the familiar sound, pricked up his ears to listen.

Again it came, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump."

Out went his tail, and he began to back down the mountainside.

Kim Subang kept up his chant, "Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump."

The tiger continued to follow his tail.

"Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump."

He crossed the stream and neared the hut.

"Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump."

Cautiously he backed toward the door.

"Ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump chiggy, ump."

Slowly his tail slid through the hole.

With a smile of satisfaction on his face, Kim Subang turned to the magistrate for approval. This important person, astonished at what he had seen, acknowledged Kim to be a great man and invited him to go to Seoul.

Kim Subang waited only long enough to get his faithful ox, then accompanied the magistrate to Seoul. Here he was given a good government position and lived in comfort for many years.

SAMUEL SHATTUCK

(Continued from page 28)

his message. The governor roared at him to take his hat off. When Mr. Shattuck failed to obey, a servant snatched it from his head.

The next Governor Endicott knew, he was studying some papers which clearly explained that the Quaker standing before him was a dangerously important man. He was, indeed, a royal messenger sent straight from King Charles!

Governor Endicott could read plain English,

and in that language he was told that no more Quakers should be put to death or punished.

So the prison doors were opened to all Quakers. But before Governor Endicott said, "The King shall be obeyed," he gave his servant a stern order: "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat!"

Then in the presence of a royal messenger, the governor removed his own hat.

Thus did Mr. Shattuck save his hat, and his head. And no more brave Quakers ever lost their lives on Boston Common.

Keep It Up!

THOUSANDS of children in hundreds of schools are busy this very day putting the last touches to the Christmas boxes they will send to fellow-members of the Junior Red Cross in other countries. Wouldn't it be disappointing if the boxes were all ready and then could not go because there was not money enough to send these friendly greetings on their way? Yet that is what would happen if the members of the American Junior Red Cross forgot to keep up their National Children's Fund.

As you read this in schoolrooms over the United States and Porto Rico and the Philippines and Hawaii and Alaska, some two hundred boys are going happily about their work in a school in far away Albania. Some are on the school farm, some in the school shops, some are in their classrooms. The old boys are glad to be back at the school which they love, the new boys think they are lucky to have got in, for there were many more applicants than could be taken. All of the students are filled with the desire to make the most of this chance and to use their training in the school to build up their country which they love all the more because it has become independent again after five hundred years of Turkish rule. It was the National Children's Fund which started the Albanian Vocational School at Tirana in 1921. Now the school is partly self-supporting and partly supported by the Albanian Government. But each year it has to have money from the Fund as well. How dreadful it would be if a year came when there was no money for it. Yet that, too, would happen if the American Juniors forgot to keep up their National Children's Fund.

When a tornado tore through a section of the Middle West in 1925, when a hurricane wrecked homes and blew down schoolhouses in Florida in 1926, when overwhelming floods came down the Mississippi in 1927, when the ghastly hurricane of San Felipe left its path of destruction over Porto Rico and lashed into Florida in 1928, money from the National Children's Fund was used to help children who had suffered in the disasters by supplying food or toys or games or clothing or books, according to the greatest need. Suppose there had been no money in the Fund to meet such emergencies?

Some of you have corresponded with our



These two decorations are both from the Hungarian Junior magazine which your Fund sometimes helps. This one appears each month at the beginning of the section devoted to junior activities and the one below is always at the top of the "Jokes and Riddles" page

Indian schools, some have enjoyed an exchange of gifts and delighted in the attractive things that Indian Juniors have made and sent. It was money from your Fund that started the Junior Red Cross in the Indian schools and money from it still provides some of the supplies and materials these Juniors use. And now, the Indian Juniors are contributing to the National Children's Fund because they want a share in its work.

The fact is there has never been anything quite like the National Children's Fund—a sum of money kept up for twelve years now by children of the United States for other children not only in our own country but in other lands. And the money is used in such a way that it sort of multiplies itself in usefulness. Take the bit that goes to Greece, for example. The Greek Juniors are devoted to their country and work with a will in the campaign against malaria, the most dreadful scourge in Greece. Money from your Fund bought quinine to help them out.

Hungarian Juniors love their magazine. Well, last spring, when there was not money enough to keep it going, a small sum was allotted from the Fund and so your Hungarian comrades, who do simply marvelous Junior work, continued to get their journal each month.

In summer children from the flooded region of Latvia have gone out to farms in other parts of the country as shepherds and shepherdesses. The Latvian Red Cross, aided by the Latvian Juniors, got these children the right sort of homes and helped with clothing and transportation. American Juniors have shared in this through their Fund. In Bulgaria, where the Juniors are among the very best workers in all the world

family of Junior Red Cross Societies, money from the Fund has been helping with a children's canteen for hot lunches in the town of Plovdiv, which suffered an earthquake.



AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1930, by the American National Red Cross.
Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 12

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 2

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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*Hail, old October, bright and chill,
First freedom from the summer's sun.*

—THOMAS CONSTABLE

A SEVEN-POINT PROGRAM

I AM very anxious that every Junior Red Cross group should have the essentials of a complete program for the whole school year. I am therefore suggesting seven points that any well-rounded program of Junior activities should have. They are as follows:

1. Plan to share in the work of the National Children's Fund. How important this is! If every Junior Red Cross group that is not now contributing to this fund were to give at least one dollar this year, it would help very much indeed to meet needs not only for national Junior Red Cross work but for international Junior work as well. Be sure to read "Keep It Up!" in this issue and resolve to give something this year to the National Children's Fund.

2. If it is possible, have someone who was present as a Junior delegate at the last Annual Convention of the Red Cross tell you about what the Juniors did there. This was a great meeting.

3. Plan to assist in the Annual Red Cross Roll Call this fall. Juniors can give valuable aid in making this a success. Ask the officers of your Red Cross Chapter how you can help.

4. Take advantage of every invitation to take

part in meetings, especially in meetings of the senior Red Cross. If you are asked to appear on the program at regional, or local, or Roll Call meetings, be glad of the chance and be sure to have something good to offer.

5. Be sure that your plan for the year includes some work for your school or community; some national undertaking, like helping with work for the ex-service men in hospitals or corresponding with an Indian school, or contributing to the sufferers in some big disaster; and an international project, like making a school correspondence album to be sent abroad or contributing to the National Children's Fund.

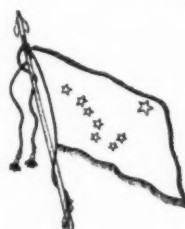
6. Plan to start an organization to lead your Junior activities, if you have not one already. This may be called a council or a club or committee and one of its duties will be to try to get all the pupils in the school to share in the fun of Junior work.

7. Don't miss a single number of the magazine and study the *Calendar*, too. From the *Calendar* you will get suggestions of things that your group can do, month by month. In the magazine you will read about the experiences of other Juniors not only in the United States but in the world. These reports will help you decide on what you will do and will put life into your activities.

—H. B. WILSON,

National Director, American Junior Red Cross.

THE FLAG OF ALASKA



GOVERNOR PARKS of Alaska thought that our great northern territory should have a flag of its own. So, at his suggestion, the American Legion announced some months ago a contest in the public, parochial and native schools. The winning design, which appears on this

page, was made by Bennie Benson, a thirteen-year-old boy in the seventh grade. The flag has a blue field bordered on three sides with a narrow band of gold. In the upper righthand corner is the North Star and below it the Dipper. The blue stands for one of our national colors and for the evening sky, the sea, the mountains, the lakes and wild flowers of Alaska; the gold border is a symbol for the wealth in her hills and streams. The North Star is the guide of the explorer, the hunter, the trapper, the woodsman, the prospector and the surveyor—all the pioneers who have helped develop the territory. Some day that star of Alaska will take its place as the forty-ninth star in our National Flag.



Our Indians snared the caribou in openings of rough pole fences

When the Reindeer Came to Alaska

OLAUS J. MURIE

Illustrations by the Author

SOMETIME take your magic carpet and go north. Go far north and you will see Arctic mountain ranges, wide, rolling plains, or tundra, great rivers and lakes; in winter, a land of snowy white; in summer, a world of green. It matters not whether your home is France, Turkey, China or the United States, go north and you find reindeer land. Go far enough and, in summer, under the Midnight Sun you will find curious creatures: the great white owl on its tundra nest glares to you with round, yellow eyes; there goes an Arctic fox, nosing about after lemmings; loons are calling from a little lake; birds sing in the willows; the grass is sprinkled with Arctic flowers, and butterflies are flit-flitting from bloom to bloom.

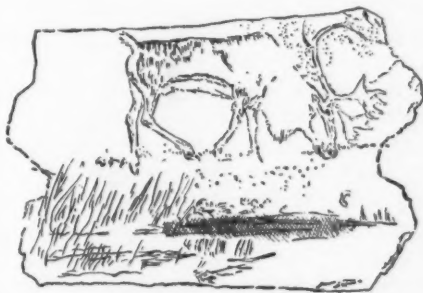
Perhaps you will see reindeer there on the tundra, a whole herd of dark animals, with great angular, velvety antlers, nibbling the luscious sedges along the edge of a little lake. They are circumpolar, which means that they inhabit all the lands bordering on the polar sea—Lapland, Siberia, Alaska, Canada, Greenland. Through these north lands they have roamed for centuries, digging through snow for lichens in winter, grazing on fresh green grass in summer.

If we could roll back the years of human life and look far into the past, and if we could live again with the people of those days, what adventures we should have! In the north lands of the Old World we should find primitive men, probably dressed in skins, hunting wild animals with crude weapons. I

said they were primitive, but there were artists among them, for on the walls of their caves and on bones and flat stones they carved figures of animals. Some of these were reindeer. We have found a number of these pre-historic pictures and they may now be seen in museums.

These were savages who lived by hunting. But if we could follow them through the centuries we would notice that now and then reindeer fawns would be taken to camp for pets. Sometimes when these fawns grew up a bright hunter thought of using the tame reindeer as decoys for hunting the wild ones. Then perhaps the people made it a business to tame reindeer for decoys, or perhaps for other purposes. At any rate, at one time they must have realized that it would be a good idea to raise larger herds of reindeer, take care of them and use them for food. So today we find that most of the reindeer of the Old World are domesticated. Some tribes have learned to use them for hauling sleds, for carrying loads. Some even milk the reindeer.

I have been speaking of the Old World. In North America all this did not happen. To this day our own northern Indians and Eskimo are hunters. Down through the centuries they have hunted the caribou, as the animals are called in North America, with bow and arrow, chased them in the lakes with canoes and speared them as they swam, or caught them in snares—cunningly set in their migratory paths. In Alaska I have found remnants of the old pole fences



FROM SETON'S "LIVES OF GAME ANIMALS"

Hunter artists long ago scratched pictures of reindeer on bone

used by the Indians for trapping caribou. I have found the skeleton of a caribou with a snare loop about the neck bones, lying where the animal had died a few years before. I am sure that no matter how far we might seek into prehistoric times, we should find no trace of real reindeer herding in America; that is, until only a few years ago. Let me tell you how the domestic reindeer finally came to Alaska.

On the map of Alaska you will see that Bering Strait is only a narrow channel separating Alaska from Siberia. Geologists say that thousands of years ago Siberia and Alaska were connected by land at that point. Many of our wild animals came across to America from Siberia. Our mountain sheep crossed this prehistoric land bridge. Possibly some of our bears, perhaps even our caribou, came in that manner.

The land bridge is gone now; but it is interesting that over the water above this old route a few years ago domesticated reindeer came to Alaska.

This is how it happened:

Men on whaling ships, traders and others carrying on the business of the white men, had been busy in northern Alaska for many years, until whales, walrus and other beasts of the sea on which the Eskimo depended for a living had become scarce. There were times of famine and the roly poly Eskimo children, playing with the malemute puppies around their skin tents, often went hungry. This came to the attention of our federal government. Through the work of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, at that time United States General Agent of Education in Alaska, plans were made to furnish the Alaskan Eskimo with domesticated reindeer. From 1892 to about 1902 the revenue cutter *Bear* cruised along the Siberian coast, fighting ice floes and fog, sailing through dangerous, uncharted waters, for the purpose of buying reindeer from the Siberian natives. Little by little, summer after summer, a few small herds were bought, carried over Bering Sea and landed on Alaskan shores, until 1280 domestic reindeer had been obtained.

A reindeer station was established at Teller, Alaska. A few skilled herders were brought from Siberia and from Lapland to teach the Eskimo

the art of reindeer herding. As the numbers of reindeer increased from year to year, new herds were established. Many Eskimo learned to be herders.

After some years white men began to raise reindeer. If Dr. Sheldon Jackson could visit Alaska today he would be amazed to see the results of the work he began forty years ago. For there are now more than 300,000 domesticated reindeer in Alaska; some estimates are much higher. Reindeer meat has become an article of commerce, and each year large shipments of it are sent to the United States. Today you may order reindeer meat on Pullman cars and at hotels.

I once went out with an Alaskan Indian herder to train a sled deer. As he approached the herd I noticed that he used the lasso in a strange manner. A western cowboy makes a large loop or slip noose for throwing and keeps the rest of the rope coiled in his left hand. This Indian made nearly the entire rope into a big slip noose, coiled this all in his right hand and

held only the end of the rope in the left hand. He threw the coiled loop, it swung open and closed on the antlers of a reindeer steer.

Then a halter was placed on the animal, with a long rope. Then began a tough struggle. How the reindeer leaped and tugged and jerked! The Indian braced himself and fought back from his end of the rope. This went on and on over the tundra, until the reindeer became a little more quiet. Then the Indian tethered him to a light log and left him to fight it out alone during the night.

"Tomorrow I put harness on him," the herder said. "He get used to that. Then next day I hook him up to sled. Then he ready to drive."

I looked at this Indian herder, with a lasso in his hand, and at the herd of tame reindeer. Then I thought of the reindeer carving, in the cave of that prehistoric hunter-artist, made so long ago. Yes, a new mode of life has come to our northern natives.



The reindeer herder rides no horse and he throws nearly the whole rope made up into a large, coiled loop



The crinkley, greenish white lichens which grow so abundantly in the Arctic form the favorite winter food for reindeer. The lichens often grow in little "cushions," among plants of Labrador tea and many other Arctic flowers



"Our dogs are our horses and every family has a big team. These are not like the dogs boys have for pets in other countries. It spoils them for driving to pet them"

Letters from the Dog Team Mail

IN JUST a few days," write the pupils in the United States Government School for Eskimo away up in Shungnak, Alaska, "a team of eleven dogs hitched to a long sled will take this letter down the Kobuk River to Kotzebue, and there it will be transferred to another sled which will carry it to Nome, Alaska. There it will be taken in an airplane to Fairbanks, Alaska. At Fairbanks it will be transferred to the Government train and two days later be in Seward awaiting a big steamer which will take it to Seattle. After it is placed on the steamship it will wind in and out along the "Inside Passage" where the most wonderful scenery in the world is to be seen. Part of the distance is through Canadian waters and then into Puget Sound to Seattle. From Seattle it will go by boat, train or airplane to San Francisco. From there to you we do not know how it will travel, but you can tell us when you write. Some day we hope all our mail will come by airplane, for it is much quicker."

ANOTHER letter in the same lot tells how the children of Shungnak live and what they do for amusement:

"We live far above the Arctic Circle in Alaska. In summer, the sun does not set but just goes around in the sky close to the horizon. In winter, the days are very short for the sun just peeps above

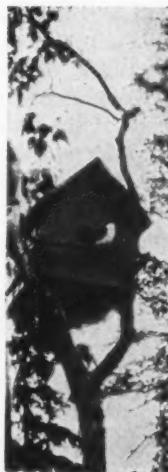
the horizon and then drops out of sight. But though we do not see the moon in summer, it does not set in winter.

"We have lots of snow from the middle of September until the last of May or first of June.

Then the rivers are our roads for we drive our dog teams over the ice. When the long warm days come the ice melts in the "breakup." Everyone is glad when the "breakup" comes, for that means that we will soon have a boat and letters from the outside. But when the boats stop running in September we are just as anxious to have the "freeze-up" come, for that means we will get our first dog team mail. We have never seen a train, an automobile or a circus but we did see an airplane last spring.

"The United States Government has a school in our village where we learn how to read and write like boys and girls in the States, and in addition to the usual studies we must learn how to sew, knit, cook and take care of the sick. The boys take sled building, boat building and any other carpenter work they wish. We older

girls have formed a 4-H Club and we like our Club work very much. We are learning how to care for the sick in our village and we go to



"A Boy Scout bird house which a swallow family rented last summer." This picture was in the album from Shungnak. So was the boy with the trout. "As soon as the ice is gone," he wrote, "we fish for our summer and winter supply of fish."





"We older girls have formed a 4-H Club. When we go to our fishing camps next spring maybe we will have a Red Cross and a 4-H emblem on our tents. Then we will feel like real nurses!"

all the homes once a week and if anyone is sick we find out all the symptoms and then go to the teacher who gives us the medicines and we go back to those patients and care for them until they are all right. We also have charge of a social meeting one night every week so all the young people in the village can meet and have a good time. We sing and have spelling matches, play games and have a good time. When we go to our fishing camp next spring we will have charge of the medicines and take care of the sick in the camps. Maybe we will have a Red Cross and the 4-H emblem on our tent and then we will feel like real nurses.

"The teachers we have this year have a radio set and we often go to their homes and listen to music from all parts of the world. We have heard Germany, China, Japan, New Zealand and Italy.

"Christmas is the big time in our village. We have a school program with a tree and all the nice things that go on it. All our villagers are home for the celebration and then there are about 200 in the village. Late on Christmas Eve, we older girls get together and go around to the homes and sing 'Holy Night' under the windows. Sometimes it is very cold but we dress in fur parkas so we do not mind it and those listening enjoy it.

"We play a game of football on the ice in the lagoon in our village. We do not have a regular football but we make one out of reindeer skin and stuff it with reindeer hair. Boys and girls and sometimes men and women join in the game.

"One other sight we have here that many people have never seen is the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. They are beautiful and some-

times shoot across the sky in shades of green, red, lavender and gold.

"With our letters we are sending you a box of pressed flowers. Some people think we do not have flowers and birds this far north but we really do. They make the summers wonderful, for the birds seem to work and sing all night when making their nests and the flowers are beautiful after the long winters of snow and cold.

"We are very glad to be members of the Red Cross and to become acquainted with you other Juniors so far away."

IN QUITE another part of the big territory is the Government School for Natives in Cordova. The pupils there sent a most interesting album to their correspondents in South Africa. Letters from Cordova do not have to go out by dog team, of course, as the town is on an open bay and steamers sail out with loads of copper the year round. Andrew Totemoff says in his letter:

"I live near Eyak Lake away from Cordova about one mile from the town. In Cordova it rains nearly every day. It rains for a week some days. It is not very warm up here where I live. The hottest we get is 80 degrees. But when I am writing this letter it is the nicest morning we have had for a long time.

"The biggest mine near Cordova is Kennecott mine. All the copper ore comes down to Cordova to ship to Seattle. Our chief industries are fishing and mining and hunting.

"I am a native born up here. And I am 19 years of age. I am in the sixth grade in the school. Our school is soon out, the last of this April month. We always have an eight month school.

"Some years we don't have much snow in here but sometimes we have two or three feet of snow on the ground. We still have snow on the mountains beside us. There are mountains both sides of Cordova. We live in the valley. The flowers grow about the middle of May. The salmon berries blossom, too, and blueberries and many other kinds of wild berries. We have forget-me-nots, columbines, sunflowers, bluebells and other flowers here. Father up north it is much colder than here in Cordova.

"Right around Cordova there are many canneries. Cordova hasn't good soil for gardens, but up the new road people can raise cabbage, potatoes, lettuce and cauliflowers. I like to know about your pupils in the Junior Red Cross. It is a fine thing to belong to the Junior Red Cross. One can help people all over the world."



The scrawny, wild little pullet had changed into a plump, full-grown, friendly hen

The Other Little Red Hen

"I WILL," said the little Red Hen, "and she did!" Everybody knows that old story, and now the only Junior Red Cross branch in Seneca County, New York, has a new story to tell of a red hen, which is every bit as nice as the old story, and more up-to-date.

One day last year in the pleasant fall weather, what should walk up to the door of the Varick Number Seven District School but a half-starved Rhode Island Red pullet. And what should the pupils and their teacher do but feed her crumbs from their lunch boxes! The next day and the next they gave the little thing a good square meal. After that the pullet adopted the school yard as its home.

This was no ordinary school for a little pullet to walk up to. Look well at the picture of its teacher and pupils. They have a long Junior Red Cross history back of them, for the school has been enrolled since 1917. Moreover, Miss Ella Fee, the teacher there for the past eighteen years, has taught so long that some of her present pupils are the children of former pupils.

Such a school as this has established traditions and customs. The principal Junior tradition is that besides the subscription for the NEWS every year, a small sum of money is turned over to the Seneca Falls Red Cross Chapter to be used for some unfortunate child. Each year some chapter person calls on the school and tells how this money has been used.

Another custom is for the pupils to cook a hot dinner for themselves over the big round stove during the cold winter months. The pupils take turns preparing the food which they have brought from home.

The little red pullet brought new responsi-

bilities to the children and of course they lived up to them. When cold weather came on last winter they made a place for her in the school garage, and continued to bring plenty of food for her from their homes. By this time the scrawny, wild little pullet had changed into a plump, full-grown, friendly hen. On the first day of February she delighted everybody by laying her first egg. During the month of 28 days she made the wonderful egg-laying record of 26. The pupils got such a good price when they sold her eggs that first month that they bought a book for the school library.

Then they decided to devote all egg money in the future to that Red Cross fund for the help of a child and they thought it was only fair to enroll the hen as a member of the Junior Red Cross.

When spring came north this year, and the schoolhouse door was left open once more, the hen liked to invite herself in, and often walked right across the schoolroom and perched herself on Miss Fee's desk. But when she did this everybody laughed so hard that she had to be banished. Before school was out, the hen made another problem for the pupils because she wanted to hatch a family. The children feared the school board would not want them to run a chicken ranch, so they were kept busy making the hen change her mind.

The money which the red hen earned for the Juniors this year was used to buy clothes and other necessities for a little baby. This was the youngest child in a family where the house and all the contents had burned, leaving the five children who had lived there homeless and without clothing.

The Junior Family Abroad

MARJORIE MINTO and Linda Horn sign the Junior Red Cross report from their school in Fairfield, Victoria, Australia. It is full of good suggestions for others. It says:

The aim of the Junior Red Cross is to train folk to think of others. In our school the senior lady teacher acts as supervisor, and the children of each grade, with their teacher, help in many ways. One aim is to try to help others by utilizing much that may be of little or no use to us, but helpful to them. Newspapers, used magazines, medicine bottles and tinfoil paper come under this heading.

Some funds are needed, and these we obtain by voluntary subscriptions, averaging about one pence each month. One day a request was made to us to see if we could send disabled soldiers in a home not far distant some toilet soap. We were able to send two large sacks full of soap of all colors, sizes and perfumes, much to the delight of those soldiers.

This year we began in March by making a collection of newspapers for the "Baby Health Center." These were sold and the funds used. In that month, too, we had a Harvest Thanksgiving, and what a quantity of eggs, vegetables, fruits, flowers—all produced by the people here—came in. Groceries also were brought along by those who could not offer anything else. We divided all these between the Fairfield Hospital, the Children's Hospital and the Carlton Creche.

In April there were terrible floods in Tasmania, a small island, part of Australia, and lying to the south of Victoria. The Junior Red Cross donated £8 to the relief fund.

In June, we found some folk at our school in need of food and clothing. The winter was severe, and unemployment very great. Groceries and clothing, as well as many other articles of food, were obtained for these cases. Not far distant from our school is a hospital for incurables. There is a little school attached to the hospital and in July we had an "Orange Day" for these children. The result was that 585 oranges were sent along to the children.

We were also able to purchase a "cradle bond" for £1 in connection with a scheme for helping the Women's Hospital. In August out of our voluntary penny subscriptions, £2 formed our donation to the Bluid Asylum. In September, a parcel of baby's clothing obtained by the sixth grade girls was sent to the Junior Red Cross cupboard, where it is distributed when need arises. In October, the general month here for hospital egg days—we gathered and packed

1,381 eggs. These, with thousands of others, will be preserved by the hospitals for future use.

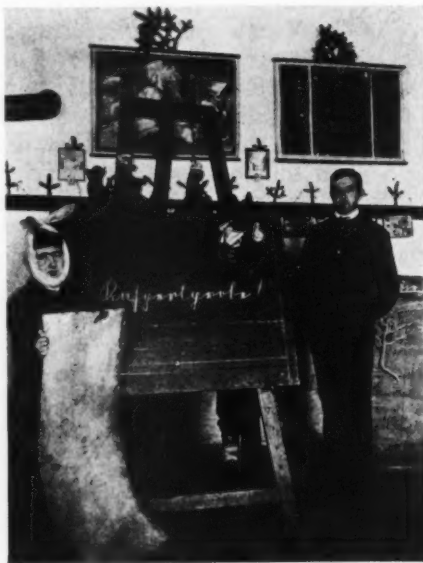
This month, November, and next month our efforts will be directed towards supplying toys and other gifts that might be used by Father Christmas to delight many children who would not otherwise get a Christmas gift. We have still £2 in the bank for emergencies.

JUNIORS of Saru-Demerddji, Bulgaria, worked out the rules given below, posted them on their schoolroom walls and are trying hard to follow them:

- Keep the classroom clean.
- Keep the school corridors clean.
- Do not throw anything in the street.
- Stand up in the presence of older persons.
- Do not ill-treat animals.

The Juniors at the grade school in Tencha, Bulgaria, have these rules which they try to observe:

- Help the poor, sick and needy.
- Do not ill-treat animals.
- Do not catch birds: take care of them and feed them.
- Do not fight and quarrel with each other.
- Respect older people and help them.
- Love your parents and help them all you can.
- Keep your body clean and be always neatly dressed.
- Keep yourself from catching cold, eat proper food and keep away from people with infectious diseases.
- Love your country. Take care of other people's property.



Juniors of Kollnitzberg, Lower Austria, rehearsing a Punch and Judy show to be given for the benefit of their service fund

to send 40 school children into the country during the summer vacation. The hygiene section, besides introducing the Health Game and watching over the cleanliness of the school, provided the pupils with cod-liver oil and other necessary medicine and distributed free lunches among them.

THE Junior Red Cross circle at St. Aloizy Public School at Stanislawow in Poland has 200 members divided into four sections: hygiene, lecture, art and the section for organizing summer camps. During the past half year the circle was able

JUNIORS in the Punjab branch of the Red Cross of India have increased from 956 to 1,230 groups in the past year. The grown-ups have admired the work of the Juniors so much that 466 of them have joined the Senior Red Cross.

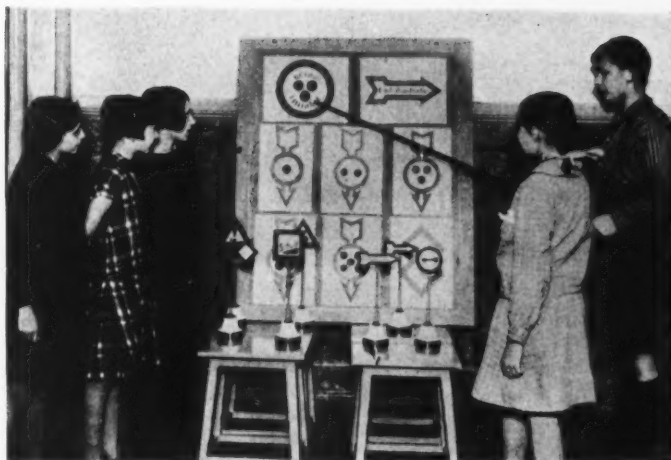
Punjab Juniors have been busy in all sorts of far-away places in the province. There they have helped the needy and cleaned wells and springs; repaired the paths; sometimes paid part of the wages of street-sweepers; put out fires, and saved people from drowning.

There were flood days in Punjab, and the District Inspector of Schools describes what the Juniors did during that sad time: "All the groups did their best to alleviate the sufferings of people by rendering help to them. They did valuable service by saving property, raising dikes around villages and taking household goods from falling houses to places of higher level. One group led other boys who helped them, by working all night, to build a dike that saved the school building. But for their prompt assistance the whole building, worth 30,000 rupees, would have been swept away. Another group managed to get a boat to save the boarders whom they brought to town while the flood was in full force."

MISA TETSUKA, a sixth grade girl of the Haguro School, in Tochigi Prefecture, Japan, says in a thank-you letter to American Juniors: "In our country we have never seen the black face dolls, so they were the most interesting to us." Another sixth grade girl in the same school, Kimi Takahashi, writes: "When we saw a little American doll on her bed, we wanted to hug her very much. You must have worked very hard to send us all such fine things. It is not so cold this winter and the buds of our plum blossoms are coming out. Dear American Juniors, please continue the correspondence with us. We wish you the best of health and hope you will study earnestly."

JUNIORS at Nachod, Czechoslovakia, believe in advertising. They write:

We collected on the occasion of the Truce festival last year the sum of Kč. 1960 [a krone is worth about three cents in U. S. money], although in previous years we had raised no more than Kč. 200 to Kč. 300. The increased receipts were the result of suitable advertising. Previously we had had only written placards, and comparatively few people took note of them. This time, however, we had the placards printed from linoleum cuts



In Berlin, in order to lessen street accidents, a "traffic" school has been established for instructing children in traffic regulations

which we ourselves had made in school. Our reward for this work was a sevenfold increase in the receipts. We would recommend other Junior units to make use always of painted or printed illustrations for their placards.

A BOY in the Albanian Vocational School, to which money goes every year from the National Children's Fund, writes in *Laboremus*, the school newspaper, "There are nine little pigs at the farm. Pashka, English middle-white, is busy mothering them! The father, a cross of Yorkshire and Poland China, appears very unconcerned, but I'm sure he'd fight if his children were in danger."

Like the United States, Albania counted its people recently. *Laboremus* tells the story of the census:

The committee in charge of the census taking, before the count began, by means of the newspapers, wrote out and had published the advantages of the government having the knowledge of the exact number of people; likewise many citizens wrote letters to the papers favoring the census and farther explaining the necessity of the census.

On the 25th of May the teachers of the different schools, officeholders, students and cadets began at 4:30 in the morning registering the people in their assigned quarters and were done at six in the afternoon. A cannon shot announced the close here in Tirana, and all the people rushed outside in crowds.

Five days were needed to complete the count and it is found that the population of Albania is 1,003,077. The last census was taken in 1923. Our population was then 814,385.

THIS month's cover was made by a girl in Professor Cizek's Art Class in Vienna, which American Juniors used to help from their National Children's Fund. Reproductions in gorgeous color and about 18 inches square may be bought for 50 cents each, postage included. The address is the Austrian Junior Red Cross, Stubbering 1, Vienna, Austria.

With the American Family

BESIDES delightfully written letters of thanks, back across the Pacific came last February twenty-two crates of "thank you" presents from 750 schools in Japan. They were a return for the Christmas boxes American Juniors had been sending for the past two years. Inside were nearly a thousand boxes and packages of wonderfully interesting gifts that took you right to Japan. A visitor in the Pacific Branch office describes them as they were laid out to be repacked and sent to Juniors in 114 chapters up and down the Pacific coast:

There were fierce-looking warriors in elaborate armor, riding gayly caparisoned steeds; fat wrestlers; fencers; little pleasure boats; tops and tiny bean bags which are not played with as our children play bean bags but tossed in the air and kept moving—three, four, five, six at a time, as jugglers play with balls.

And the dolls! . . . dolls with only the clothes they had on their backs, and dolls with not only an extra wardrobe of kimonos but lying cozily on a quilted mat with another mat covering them. . . . There were distinguished looking emperor and empress dolls, appropriately dressed in ceremonial robes, with elaborate headdresses from which hung tiny ornaments—pearls and gold spangles—and their courtiers and ladies-in-waiting, all arranged so that they could be set up on little platforms just as the little Japanese girls arrange them for their Doll Festival—for they do not play familiarly with these dolls as American children do. They are brought out only once a year for the Doll Festival, which takes place in March, then they are carefully packed away for another year.

THE hundreds of Nashua, New Hampshire, children whose homes burned early in May have been supplied with toys by neighboring Junior Red Cross groups. After the fire the children's parents had to care for more important



Hatsuye Koizumi is a pupil of the Raphael Weil School in San Francisco. She was justly proud of the lovely gifts sent by Juniors of Japan to Juniors on the Pacific coast. In the foreground are emperor and empress dolls

needs than toys, but some of the Juniors in New England, as well as in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia heard how much the Nashua children missed their playthings. Though it was the very last of the school year Juniors hustled together so many toys in such good condition that the homeless boys and girls in Nashua had enough to go round.

When the toys came, the Red Cross disaster relief workers planned a party for the children. First, Nashua men and women spent a good many hours preparing a package for each child with his name and address written

plainly on it. Meanwhile, post cards were mailed, addressed to the oldest child in each family, asking them to have their mothers bring them to the City Hall with the other children in the family under thirteen years of age, who were named on the card. At the party each child got a chocolate bar with his package of toys.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Junior Council heard of the sudden need for toys in Nashua only four days before the close of school. Nevertheless, they made plans, and the city Juniors carried them out in those few days left. They said the packing took more time than collecting the toys. This letter from the Bryant School Juniors went with the toys from Bridgeport:

DEAR CHILDREN:

We have had very much fun collecting these toys, and hope you will like them. There are all sorts of toys, pink and blue dogs, baby dolls, china dolls and rag dolls. Then, there are many toys of a different kind, even a police patrol, which some boy will enjoy.

WHO ate the "thank-you" figs from the Junior Red Crescent? Another answer comes this time from the Syracuse, New York, Juniors through Mary Wagner, secretary of their Junior council, who wrote the following letter to Turkey:

We were very happy to receive twenty-five packages of your delicious figs. Our council, which is made up of representatives from the different schools, voted to share the figs with boys and girls who are sick or crippled or blind, so some of the boxes were sent to the blind children who are attending a State School for the blind. Others were sent to the crippled children's school where they were used in puddings for the children's lunches. The cooking class in one school used them in making birthday cakes for the children at the tubercular hospital. We hope that we shall hear from the Junior Red Crescent more often. Thank you very much.



Scranton, Pennsylvania, Juniors packing Christmas boxes. Remember that your boxes must reach New York by October 25!

FOR Hallowe'en the Bennett and Hanscom School Juniors at Somerville, Massachusetts, made baskets in the shape of pumpkins and simple boxes decorated with witches and filled them with candy for the Somerville Home for the Aged.

LATE on the 23rd of December the 27 large cases of Juniors' Christmas boxes arrived on the island of Guam. Far, far into the night worked the Guam teachers getting the assignment for every school ready. At dawn on the 27th came seven motor trucks to rush the boxes away and before school closed that afternoon for the Christmas holiday the children throughout the island had their Christmas presents.

THE Evergreen Juniors, of the Conecuh County, Alabama, Chapter, gave a roller-skating party just before school was out to raise a little extra money for their projects. As they had

permission to use the high school auditorium, they removed the chairs, charged ten cents admission and promised to serve refreshments. After everybody was tired skating, they counted noses and bought each guest an Eskimo Pie. All had a good time and the Juniors report a fair profit without much work.

During the past summer these Juniors have been making joke books for a Veterans' hospital, and expect to have 18 ready soon.

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IN Oklahoma the Indian Juniors of the St. Patrick's Mission School at Anadarko went out into the cotton fields and picked cotton to earn money for the National Children's Fund.

WHEN the mayor of Vincennes, Indiana, announced a "clean up" week, Juniors assisted by collecting papers and magazines. They sold seven tons and raised \$70. During the Wabash Valley flood they collected clothes, food and money for the sufferers.



A Nightingale and a Robin

THIS picture, in soft and lovely colors, came in an album full of lovely things which the Hamayama School in Kobe, Japan, sent to the West Side School of Kalispell, Montana. The picture illustrates this legend of old Japan, which was told in the album:

"It was during the reign of the Emperor Gotoba (the 12th century). One day, when he was passing through a certain town, the Emperor saw a most beautiful plum tree. It was so beautiful that he wanted to have it for his own gardens, so he ordered his nobles to get it and have it transplanted. A nightingale was singing a glorious song in the tree, for it had its nest there. When the plum tree was placed in the palace gardens, the Emperor noticed a scroll tied to one of its branches. On it was written a clever poem which said:

" 'It is the order of the Emperor that I present this plum tree. But when the nightingale comes back and asks me

what has happened to his home, I shall not know how to answer him.'

"The Emperor admired this poem and sent the plum tree back to its writer. She was Izumi-Shikibu, the most noted poetess of her day."

And that's the story of the nightingale of eight hundred years ago. The story of the robin came out in our newspapers late last May. One day in the spring C. A. Norwood, clerk for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, discovered a robin's nest with three blue eggs tucked away in a corner of a box car. He told his superintendent, who issued this order:

"Under no circumstances is that car to be moved. If possible, don't even move the other cars on the same track. But first and last, keep that car stationary until the robins can fly."

And so it was done and the robin family had a whole freight car for their home until they were ready to set out into the wide world.

